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REHEARSAL SCRIPT

CALLAN

"GOODBYE NOBBY CLARKE"

by

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Studio Two, Teddington.

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CAST

CALLAN

HUNTER

MERES

LONELY

CLARKE

RENA

SHEPPICK

MISS BREWIS

KANARO

BLAIR

FENTON

LAUNDERETTE ATTENDANT

INSPECTOR

Extras; LAUNDERETTE
PUB GARDEN
TILBURY
HOSPITAL

SETS

INT. HUNTER'S OFFICE

INT. CALLAN'S FLAT AND LANDING

INT. BATHROOM

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM

INT. CLARKE'S LIVING ROOM

INT. PUB GARDEN

INT. LAUNDERETTE

INT. WORKSHOP

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FADE IN

TELECINE 1 (incl. Symbol)

EXT. TILBURY DOCK. DAY. (STOCK)

A NEWLY-ARRIVED LINER AT ONE OF THE BERTHS.

INT. BAGGAGE SHED. DAY. (STOCK)

LONG SHOT ESTABLISHING THE INSIDE OF THE SHED. THE PASSENGERS WHO HAVE DISEMBARKED ARE WAITING IMPATIENTLY FOR THEIR BAGGAGE TO BE ASSEMBLED IN SEPARATE BAYS BEARING THE LETTERS OF THE ALPHABET.

EXT. SHED DOOR. DAY.

AN ORDINARY LOOKING SALOON CAR IS PARKED NOT FAR WWAY FROM THE SHED DOOR, FACING AWAY FROM IT. BEHIND THE WHEEL IS MERES, SCRIBBLING A NOTE. HE ROLLS DOWN THE CAR WINDOW AND HAILS A PASSING PORTER. GIVING THE MAN THE NOTE AND A TIP, HE INDICATES THE BAGGAGE SHED.

SC.1. INT. SECTION. BAGGAGE SHED. DAY.

CAMERA PANS DOWN FROM THE LETTER "C" TO A GROUP OF PASSENGERS SORTING OUT THEIR BAGGAGE. THERE ARE SEVERAL "NEW" AFRICANS, BUT MOST ARE TANNED EUROPEANS WITH THE UNMISTAKABLY TOUGH, PAUNCHY APPEARANCE OF SETTLERS RETURNING TO WHAT THEY CALL TEE "U.K."
SOUND BOAT-TRAIN ANNOUNCEMENT.

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AMONG THE PASSENGERS IS RONALD CLARKE, BY CONTRAST A TRIM, MILITARY FIGURE WITH FAIR, THINNING HAIR AND A MOUSTACHE. HE IS DRESSED IN A LIGHTWEIGHT SUIT AND CLUB TIE. AND IS AGED ABOUT FORTY.
THE PORTER WITH THE NOTE APPEARS, SEARCHES HIM OUT. CLARKE LOOKS RATHER SURPRISED TO RECEIVE A NOTE. HE READS IT, FROWNS, STARTS TO WALK OUT OF THE SHED.

TELECINE 2 EXT/INT SALOON CAR. DAY.
(incl. titles)

THE CAR ENGINE IS RUNNING. MERES WATCHES CLARKE IN THE REAR-VIEW MIRROR AS HE COMES OUT OF THE SHED AND LOOKS AROUND. CUT TO A CLOSE SHOT OF MERES' FOOT, HARD DOWN ON THE CLUTCH. HE STARTS TO WITHDRAW HIS FOOT.

EXT. SHED DOOR. DAY.

AS THE CAR REVERSES WITH A RUSH. CLARKE HAS LOOKED THE OTHER WAY. NOW HE TURNS HIS HEAD SHARPLY AND REALISES WHAT IS HAPPENING. EVEN AS HE TRIES TO LEAP CLEAR HE GRABS A BAGGAGE TROLLEY AND DRAGS IT INTO THE PATH OF THE CAR. BUT HE ISN'T QUITE FAST ENOUGH. THE CAR CRASHES INTO THE TROLLEY, WHICH IN TURN HITS CLARKE, SLAMMING HIM AGAINST A WALL. THE WHOLE INCIDENT CREATES A CLATTER, AND AS PEOPLE COME RUNNING, SCREAMING, THE CAR GEAR GRATES INTO FIRST AND IT ROARS AWAY.

PAN TO CLARKE; HE IS SPRAWLED OVER THE END OF THE TROLLEY, BLEEDING SEMI-CONSCIOUS.

TITLES

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SCENE 2 INT. HUNTER'S OFFICE. DAY.

HUNTER IS IN HIS SHIRT SLEEVES, HAS PAUSED IN THE MIDDLE OF A WORK-OUT USING AN OFFICE ISOMETRICS MACHINE. HE SCANS A PIECE OF PAPER, THROWS IT DOWN AND GLARES AT MERES.

HUNTER: Concussion and a few scratches.

MERES: Severe concussion, sir.

HUNTER: A guest of the National Health, without even a broken leg.

MERES: I'm sorry, but his reflexes were faster than I'd expected.

HUNTER RESUMES EXERCISES.

HUNTER: Well, of course, he's nimble! What do you think he's been doing for the past two years? By God, I'll never listen to that rubbish about your racing gear-change again!

MERES: I had to use an ordinary car.

HUNTER: Driving like a nervous spinster.

MERES: It might have been better, sir, if I'd joined the ship at Maderia. I could have dealt with him on the way in.

HUNTER: (SNEERS) And if you'd botched it like this? I suppose you'd have got away in a lifeboat?

MERES: Did anyone catch the car number?

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HUNTER: Luckily only the first two letters. Or you'd have been picked up half way ~~from Tilbury~~ to his office.

MERES: At least there's one thing. He won't suspect us.

HUNTER: Hardly the point. He'd have felt perfectly safe in England. Now his nerves will be jangling like wires in the wind. He'll smell danger as strongly as hewould in Africa.

MERES: He only saw the back of my head.

HUNTER: Your smart Chelsea haircut.

MERES: As soon as he's out of hospital. I'll get him. I won't miss a second time, sir, I promise.

HUNTER: No.

MERES: By far the best bet is to -

HUNTER: (SHARPLY) I meant 'no' he isn't yours any more.

MERES LOOKS AT HIM, NEEDLED.

MERES: You're handing him over to someone else?

HUNTER: Someone who can show the front of his head.

MERES: Whom Clarke knows?

PUSH IN CLOSE ON HUNTER.

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HUNTER: Callan. It ought to work. They're two of a kind.

CUT TO:

3. INT. CALLAN'S FLAT. DAY.

CALLAN ASLEEP IN BED. HE IS BURIED BENEATH A HEAP OF BLANKETS TOPPED BY A RATHER TATTY LOOKING QUILT. SOUND OF A KNOCK AT THE DOOR.

4. INT. LANDING. DAY.

MISS BREWIS, HIS NEIGHBOUR, IS AT THE DOOR. SHE HOLDS A LAUNDRY PARCEL AND A POSTCARD. SHE KNOCKS AGAIN.

MISS BREWIS: Mr. Callan? It's me.

AFTER A FEW MOMENTS CALLAN OPENS THE DOOR WITH THE CHAIN STILL ON. HE HOLDS A BLANKET AROUND HIM, LOOKS BLEARILY AT HER, THEN UNDOES THE CHAIN.

CALLAN: Give me a minute to get back into bed.

5. INT. CALLAN'S FLAT. DAY.

CALLAN IS BACK IN BED AS SHE COMES INTO THE ROOM.

MISS BREWIS: I took in your laundry. Five and eightpence.

AS SHE PUTS IT DOWN ON A DRESSER HE INDICATES A PILE OF LOOSE CHANGE LYING THERE.

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CALLAN: Help yourself, What time is it?

MISS BREWIS: Twenty to one.

THERE IS A NOTE OF CENSORSHIP IN HER VOICE. HE YAWNS AN UNSIGHTLY COATED-TONGUE YAWN.

CALLAN: Good enough odds to start the day.

MISS BREWIS: All those blankets. It's unhealthy in a sealed room. No wonder you overslept. Your body isn't breathing. You're drugged with sleep.

SHE GOES TO OPEN THE WINDOW A LITTLE.

CALLAN'S VOICE: (S.O.V.) ~~Drugs? Haven't tried 'em yet, old luv.~~ My sleep's purely psychological. This isn't a bed and blankets. It's a pit, a womb. A warmsafe womb. And you don't know it, but I'm also naked under this lot.

AS MISS BREWIS TURNS FROM THE WINDOW HE SEES THE POSTCARD IN HER HAND, SITS UP.

CALLAN: I can tell you've read it. What is it?

MISS BREWIS: It's from your friend, thanking you.

CALLAN: For what?

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HE GRABS THE CARD FROM HER.

MISS BREWIS: Your get-well card and the bottle of Pernod.

CALLAN:(REACTS) Nobby!

MISS BREWIS: He's got manners. I dare say you have, too, remembering someone in hospital. That was nice of you.

CALLAN: Wasn't it.

SHE EXITS. CAMERA STAYS TIGHT ON CALLAN.

CALLAN'S VOICE: ~~(S.O.V.)~~ Sergeant Nobby Clarke. One of the mob in Malaya. Saved my life once. Never forget an old mate. Worth at least a bottle of Pernod. Only there's something damn funny.....

6. INT. HOSPITAL ROOM. DAY.

CLARKE LIES IN BED, DOZING. THE DOOR OPENS AND CALLAN COMES IN, WALKS QUIETLY TO THE FOOT OF THE BED WHERE CLARKE'S CHART HANGS.

CALLAN'S VOICE: (SOV) Haven't seen Nobby in years. Not since he was demobbed. I never even knew he was in hospital.

CALLAN PICKS UP THE CHART TO LOOK AT IT AND REACTS WITH SURPRISE.

CALLAN: Major Clarke?

AT THE SOUND OF HIS VOICE CLARKE JERKS AWAKE. HE TURNS HIS HEAD TO SEE WHO IT IS, AND STARTS TO GRIN BROADLY.

CUT TO:

7. INT. HUNTER'S OFFICE. DAY.

CLOSE ON MERES SPEAKING INTO THE PHONE. HUNTER IS IN THE B.G. STUDYING A LONDON STREET MAP.

MERES: (INTO PHONE) Right, thanks.

HE HANGS UP, CROSSES TO HUNTER.

MERES: (CONTD) That was the hospital. Callan's paying him a visit.

HUNTER: (SMILES) Good. It gives one a glow, bringing old friends together.

CUT TO:

8. INT. HOSPITAL ROOM. DAY.

CLARKE IS SITTING UP IN BED. HE IS GIVING CALLAN A MOCK PUNCH IN THE RIBS.

CLARKE: You cruddy old basket! How many years is it? You haven't changed a bit.

ALTHOUGH OUTWARDLY IT IS A JOCULAR REUNION, CALLAN IS SOMEWHAT SURPRISED BY A CHANGE IN CLARKE. AND HE'S BEEN LURED HERE - WHY?

CALLAN: I haven't. But get you. I'm almost convinced...Major.

CLARKE: Oh, that.

CALLAN: It isn't for real, is it? I thought you gave the Queen notice?

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CLARKE: ~~So I did.~~ I was dazed when they brought me in here, and I must have blurted out the Major bit. (CALLAN LOOKS AT HIM QUESTIONINGLY) It's a nickname I picked up abraod. Become a sort of attachment.

CALLAN: Like the moustache.

CLARKE: Stiffens the upper lip and mops up perspiration, old son. Both quite important in Africa.

CALLAN: So that's where you've been hiding.

CLARKE: (NODS) Beating about the bush.

CALLAN: Doing what?

CLARKE: Oh, this and that. All over the shop. You know me. Restless Ronnie.

CALLAN: What happened to 'Nobby'? Too big a whiff of the other ranks?

CLARKE: Right. Never give 'em a hint.

CALLAN: Who?

CLARKE: Both the nigs and the nogs. Africans and Europeans to you.

HE OPENS A BEDSIDE CUPBOARD AND BRINGS OUT A BOTTLE OF PERNOD AND A FULL GLASS OF THE MILKY LIQUID.

CLARKE: You're a pal. You even remembered my favourite grog. What was it we used to call it? Milk of amnesia...have one?

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CALLAN: Not for me. Maybe you oughtn't to be on the stuff?

CLARKE: Take more than a touch of concussion to stop me, Corporal. I'll be out tomorrow. Cheers!

HE DRINKS. THERE IS A PAUSE.

CLARKE: (CONTD) What puzzles me is how the hell you knew I was in dock?

CALLAN: Pure chance.

CLARKE: A chance in nine million?

CALLAN: A friend of mine works in Casualty. She happened to mention your name.

CLARKE: Cute little nursing number, I'll bet....

CALLAN: Every inch a stunner.

CLARKE: In my state I wouldn't remember much about the talent when I was admitted.

CALLAN: What happened?

CLARKE LOOKS AT HIM WITH SURPRISE.

CLARKE: I thought you knew?

CALLAN: Only the gist of it.

CLARKE: I'd hardly set foot ashore at Tilbury when some damn fool backed his car into me.

CLOSE ON CALLAN AS HE HEARS THIS. HE IS CAREFUL NOT TO BETRAY TOO MUCH INTEREST.

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CALLAN: C reless.

CLARKE: A bloody close shave. They said driving at home had gone to put.

CALLAN: Gets worse every day. You should get damages.

CLARKE: Not a hope. The driver panicked and went off like a guided missile. Anyhow, let's change the subject.

CALLAN: Take it all in your stride, eh?

CLARKE IS CLEARLY DETERMINED TO STEER TALK AWAY FROM THE INCIDENT.

CLARKE: What have you been up to these past few years?

CALLAN: Nothing much.

CLARKE: Don't tell me Callan's settled for the quiet life?

CALLAN: Wholesale groceries.

CLARKE MAKES A SHOW OF FALLING BACK ON HIS PILLOW.

CLARKE: You're joking! Or you've gone soft in your old age.

CALLAN: Try me.

CLARKE:(SITS UP AGAIN) Now that's more like it. Two or three months in the African sun, and you might even beat me, boyo!

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CALLAN: What dragged you away from the Africa ~~the~~ sun? (JOKING) Or did they kick you out? ~~of the country?~~

VERY CLOSE ON CLARKE'S EXPRESSION. A FLICKER OF WARINESS.

CLARKE: Me? No, I decided to quit, You miss London.

CALLAN: You mean you're back for good?

CLARKE NODS. POURS HIMSELF ANOTHER DRINK.

CLARKE: Off home tomorrow.

CALLAN: Where's that?

CLARKE: Two up, two down, in Stepney. With a wife and a nipper.

CALLAN: Wife?

AS CALLAN SHOWS HIS SURPRISE THE DOOR OPENS AND RENA APPEARS. SHE IS ABOUT TWENTY FIVE, IRISH, PRETTY IN A HOLLOW-CHEEKED WAY. SHE SPEAKS WITH QUITE A STRONG ACCENT.

CLARKE: (CONTD) Rena...meet Dave. Dave Callan, pne of my old Army mates. One of the best, my wife.

RENA: (SHAKES HANDS) Nice to meet you, Mr. Callan.

CALLAN: How do you do. (TO CLARKE) I didn't know you were married.

RENA: We was wed just before he went to Africa.

CLARKE: Left her with a bun in the oven,

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CALLAN: You haven't been abroad?

CLARKE: Bit too hot where I was.

RENA: It's all right, now he's home.

SHE GOES OVER TO THE BED TO EMBRACE HIM.

CLARKE: And I have to spend the first two nights in a single bed!

AS CLARKE LEANS OVER THE OTHER SIDE OF THE BED TO EMBRACE RENA, CUT TO C.U. CALLAN. HIS ATTENTION HAS BEEN CAUGHT BY AN OBJECT THAT IS ONLY JUST SHOWING UNDER THE MATTRESS. IT IS THE BUTT OF A REVOLVER.

CALLAN'S VOICE: (SOV) So somebody did try to ~~kill~~ you, Nobby. I wonder why? I know who rigged this meeting, though. It was you, Hunter. ~~I knew it~~ was you.

CUT TO:

9. INT. HUNTER'S OFFICE. DAY.

OPEN CLOSE ON HUNTER. HE IS VERBALLY FENDING OFF AN ANGRY CALLAN.

HUNTER: All right, it was me. I wanted you to renew an old acquaintance.

CALLAN: You sound like someone in a lonely hearts bureau, only your heart isn't in the right place.

HUNTER: I'll probably die of it.

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CALLAN:(SARCASTICALLY) No flowers, please.

HUNTER: What did your friend Nobby have to say about Africa?

CALLAN: Nothing that would interest you.

HUNTER: And nothing that would arouse your interest?

CALLAN: I don't keep up with the new States I read a newspaper report about a military coup there the other day, and it mightaas well have been on the moon.

HUNTER: For all you care?

CALLAN: Yes.

HUNTER: (RISES FROM DESK) ~~Very well. I won't bore you with names. But there's a certain~~ Your friend Nobby Clarke's back from a country in Africa where there's a civil war going on. Law and order's up to the country concerned of course. But we're entitled to take sides.

CALLAN: I'll bet "our side" is where we've got the most money at stake.

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HUNTER: Let's just say it would be politically embarrassing if the other side won.

CALLAN: Well?

HUNTER: There's an even bigger embarrassment, "Major" Clarke, himself.

CALLAN: Nobby?

HUNTER: Since you obviously don't keep abreast of events, I'll give you a file on him. He's quite brilliant.

and he didn't tell you,

CALLAN: As what?

That's what he really is.

HUNTER: As a mercenary. A rather brutal mercenary.

CALLAN LOOKS FROM HUNTER TO MERES

HUNTER: (CONT.) He trains the other side's lot, as he once trained you, Callan, when he was a sergeant in the Army. No doubt you remember what a good instructor he was. I suppose I ought to be grateful to him. Just for the sport, he also indulges in the odd combat himself. You might call it blood sport.

CALLAN GETS UP FROM HIS CHAIR AND STARES AT HUNTER AND MERES.

CALLAN: And you tried to kill him? (TURNS TO MERES) It was you.

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MERES: Three's a crowd.

CALLAN LOOKS AS IF HE WILL HIT MERES. HUNTER STEPS BETWEEN THEM

HUNTER: Meres means that Section jobs are only discussed person-to-person. You should know.

CALLAN: (HARSH) Then get him out of here. Just so as I can turn you down... person-to-person.

HUNTER NODS TO MERES, WHO EXITS. HUNTER POURS TWO DRINKS.

HUNTER: I'm waiting for pictures from Africa. Even over the phone they sounded grim.

CALLAN: It's rich, really it is. You... describing someone as a dangerous mercenary. Personally, I wouldn't have the nerve.

HUNTER: We're sweepers-up. An entirely different thing.

CALLAN: I don't sweep up for you any more, Hunter. That's one of the sad little facts of life you've got to get used to. Maybe Nobby's been on the wrong side. And maybe he has used rough tactics. So what? He's home. He's staying home. He's retired. And he has a wife and child.

HUNTER: Trappings. He's going back.

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CALLAN: What makes you so sure?

HUNTER: His kind always does. Apart from the fact that in Africa he's paid ten thousand a year and runs a Mercedes, you've met his wife, whom he married before he became an "officer? She works in a launderette, and their house backs on to a railway.

CALLAN: You're a snob. As bad as Meres.

HUNTER: Tell me a bigger snob than a phoney Major? (GETS UP AGAIN) Our information is that he has no intention of remaining in this country. He's here incognito for some reason, and it isn't to see his wife and child. It could be buying arms, but we don't know, nor care.

CALLAN: He isn't legally barred from being in the country.

HUNTER: No. But he isn't harmless, either. But he'd trust you. You're his sort, Callan. Same type.

CALLAN: Class, you mean.

HUNTER: (SHRUGS) If you like.

CALLAN: (SARDONIC) I heard you'd sent your kids to public school.

HUNTER LETS THE JIBE GLANCE OFF HIM. HE GETS OUT A FILE.

HUNTER: But you don't really like him. Let me remind you about yourself, Callan.

CALLAN: You know, you aren't just a snob. You're a neurotic.

HUNTER: A fellow neurotic.

CALLAN: You know just where to stab.

HUNTER: Like you, only you're, shall we say, a little more lethal with it. (READ FROM FILE) Your psychiatric test - it's such a long time ago, you've probably no idea what you said. About a Sergeant 'Nobby' Clarke, who was in your unit. There's quite a lot of it, quite illuminating. You described him as your friend, but according to this, you constantly suggested he was really an enemy. Once, during unarmed combat training, he dislocated your arm. Deliberately, you said.

CALLAN: (INDICATES FILE) The paper's turned yellow.

HUNTER: And facts sometimes discolour with time.

CALLAN: Nobby Clarke has a medal - for saving my life.

HUNTER: Oh, yes, he dragged you back to patrol lines once, near Penang. You were injured.

CALLAN: Right.

HUNTER: You were both being fired on at the time. Very brave of him. Except that he could have been using you as a shield, Callan. Yes?

CALLAN STARES AT HIM, STARTS TO EXIT.

CALLAN: Careful you don't twist yourself into knots.

HUNTER: (FIRMLY) I tell you, he's going back. He'll burn a lot more villages and kill a lot more children.

CALLAN PAUSES ON THE THRESHHOLD.

CALLAN: You don't seem to understand, Hunter. I'm not your boy anymore. You're wasting your time.

HUNTER: I'll make a deal with you. You needn't go all the way. Maim him, frame him, put him in prison for a year or two. Just put him out of action.

CALLAN: No.

HUNTER: Why not? Afraid he might beat you.

CALLAN: Get stuffed!

HUNTER: Before you go, there's just one other thing. The car that knocked him down. Someone got part of the registration number. (LIFTS PAPERS) The full number's here, on hire papers taken out by you that day.

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CALLAN LOOKS HARD AT HUNTER.

CALLAN: You'd frame me with the police?

HUNTER: No, I think we'd start by telling Nobby Clarke....

BIG C.U. ON CALLAN'S REACTION.

CUT TO:

VTR 1 (9) INT. CLARKE'S SITTING ROOM. DAY

A DISMAL ROOM. SKIMPY CURTAINS AND CHEAP MODERN FURNITURE, STAINED AND STREWN WITH MAGAZINES AND BROKEN TOYS. A CLOTHES-HORSE, FESTOONED WITH A CHILD'S THINGS, STANDS NEAR AN UNCLEANED FIRE-PLACE. CLARKE COMES IN FROM THE ADJOINING KITCHEN WEARING A KD SHIRT. HE LOOKS BORED, SURVEYS THE ROOM BLEAKLY AND GOES AND GETS SHOE CLEANING THINGS. PUSHING OBJECTS OFF A CHAIR HE SITS DOWN TO INDULGE IN THE OLD SOLDIER'S HABIT OF "BULLING" EVEN CIVVIE SHOES. AFTER A MOMENT THERE IS THE SOUND OF THE FRONT DOOR OPENING. RENA APPEARS WITH A NET SHOPPING BASKET. SHE IS WEARING A WRINKLED PVC COAT.

RENA: You're up, then.

CLARKE: Where's the nipper?

RENA: (NODS) LCC nursery, just down the road - for working mothers. They look after the kids all day, otherwise I couldn't have taken the job.

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CLARKE: What time do you start?

RENA: I do the nine-thirty till five shift. (SHE STICKS GREEN SHIELD STAMPS IN A BOOK) Trading stamps. Almost filled the seventh book.

SHE SEES HE HAS A GLASS OF PERNOD.

RENA: On an empty stomach, at this time in the morning?

CLARKE: I'll break the habit.

SHE LIGHTS A CIGARETTE AND SITS ON THE END OF A CHAIR.

RENA: Nobby, you really meant what you said about settling down, didn't you?

CLARKE: I said so.

RENA: You aren't going to go waltzing off again suddenly are you?

CLARKE: (IRRITATED) I said not!

RENA: Why didn't you send for me?

CLARKE: Look, I told you. You wouldn't have liked it. I was up-country most of the time. It was rough.

RENA: (SIGHS) It couldn't have been much rougher than being alone here. ~~Now I know how sailors' wives feel.~~

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CLARKE: Shouldn't you be getting round to work?

RENA: (RISES) I suppose so. I'd have given up the launderette the day you appeared, only I couldn't bear to let my boss down.

CLARKE: You were right.

RENA: He's been good to me. He's a widower, and a bitlonely, too. I hope you don't mind - he's taken me out a few times. He plays it straight, though. No funny business.

CLARKE: Of course I don't mind.

SHE STUBS OUT HER CIGARETTE, STARTS TO LEAVE. AT THE DOOR SHE PAUSES

RENA: I'm sorry about the mess. But what with working and all...(THEN) We can have it redecorated.

CLARKE: Sure.

RENA: I've left a meat pie over there for you. Put it in the oven when you get hungry.

AS SHE EXITS HOLD ON CLARKE. HE FINISHES HIS DRINK, LOOKS DISTASTEFULLY AROUND THE ROOM. HE PICKS UP THE MEAT PIE IN A CELLOPHANE WRAPPING, OPENS IT AND TASTES A CORNER. THEN, WITH AN EXPRESSION OF DISGUST HE THROWS IT INTO A WASTEBIN.

MIX TO:

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VTR 1 (B) INT. PUB GARDEN. DAY

CALLAN IS HAVING A DRINK WITH CLARKE. THE GARDEN IS REALLY A BRICK-WALLED YARD. IT IS QUITE BUSY, AND SEVERAL OF THE CUSTOMERS ARE COLOURED.

CLARKE: I can't make out which makes me feel more at home. A Stepney pub, or the number of nigs around.

CALLAN: England's changed.

CLARKE: So I gather. (HE DRINKS) Anyway, some of my best friends are Africans.

CALLAN LEANS FORWARD

CALLAN: Including your employers.

CLARKE GIVES HIM A SHARP GLANCE.

CLARKE: If you mean did I ever work for African companies, naturally I -

CALLAN: You really are a Major.

CLARKE: All right, it's more than a nick-name, and I didn't tell you. (MAKING LIGHT OF IT) But I'm still one of the lads, Corporal!

CALLAN: Why didn't you say what you'd been doing?

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CLARKE: "Mercenary" ~~is a dirty~~ isn't a popular word. (PAUSE) How did you find out?

CALLAN: London hospitals teem with coloured nurses. One of them is a friend of my friend. She recognised you from a picture she's once seen in an African newspaper.

CLARKE: There are more damn cameras than guns over there. ~~All right, so now you know.~~

CALLAN: We've been in some tight spots together, Nobby.

CLARKE: Right, old son, we have.

CALLAN: Maybe you're in one now.

CLARKE: Cobblers!

CALLAN: Someone tried to get you a Tilbury.

CLARKE: And what if they did?

CALLAN: Why? What sort of outfit were you with?

CLARKE: Does it matter? I was a mercenary. Lots of us out there. And plenty of dirty jobs to do. But you and I used to do the same thing in Malaya, didn't we?

CALLAN: True.

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CLARKE: ~~Where's the difference?~~ You know, you could easily have been a mercenary yourself. It takes guts, and you don't go by the book. Remember when you knifed that waiter in Singapore? Little bastard. He'd have got us, otherwise. You took him beautifully.

CLOSE ON CALLAN AS HE IS REMINDED OF THIS INCIDENT - AND MANY OTHERS SINCE

CLARKE: It's just the luck of the draw. You've been in wholesale groceries - I simply went on soldiering for a bitlonger. (HE FROWNS) By the way, I'd be glad if you didn't mention it to Rena. She doesn't know what I ~~was doing exactly.~~

CALLAN: You've definitely chucked the life?

CLARKE: Home is the hunter....

CLARKE TURNS TO ORDER ANOTHER DRINK FROM A WAITER. CLOSE ON CALLAN.

CALLAN'S VOICE: (S.O.V.) Trouble is the other Hunter, capital H. He doesn't believe you, Nobby. I wish I knew whether I did.

CALLAN STARTS TO GET TO HIS FEET.

CLARKE: Do you have to go?

CALLAN: 'Fraid so.

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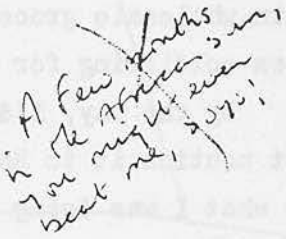
CLARKE: We'll have the other half soon, I hope?

CALLAN: Look forward to it.

CLARKE: Just one thing. I've been wondering why you really looked me up again.

THERE IS A PAUSE. CALLAN SMILES, COVERING.

CALLAN: I haven't quite lost the touch, Nobby. If you need any help....



CLARKE: (GRINS AT HIM) Now that sounds more like the old Callan! I'll keep it in mind....

AS CALLAN GOES HOLD ON CLARKE. THEN PAN TO SHOW MILTON KANARO, WHO APPEARS FROM THE OTHER SIDE OF THE GARDEN. HE IS AN EDUCATED AFRICAN, WEARS AN ENGLISH TWEED SUIT, SMOKES A PIPE. CLARKE IS WATCHING CALLAN'S DEPARTURE AND DOESN'T SEE KANARO. THERE IS A FAINT TOUCH OF MENACE AS KANARO COMES UP TO THE TABLE. THEN HE SITS DOWN. CLARKE DOESN'T LOOK AT ALL SURPRISED TO SEE HIM.

KANARO: Who was that?

HE SPEAKS WITH A SOFT, CULTURED ACCENT.

CLARKE: An old friend. Callan. We were in the Army together.

KANARO: Are you going to offer him a job?

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CLARKE: I might. He's exactly the sort we're after.

KANARO: Good. ~~Splendid.~~

FADE OUT

END OF PART ONE

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FADE IN:

PART TWO:

10. INT. LAUNDERETTE. DAY

MACHINES CHURNING AWAY, TWO OR THREE SEATED CUSTOMERS GAZING AT THEM AS IF THEY WERE CIRCULAR TV SCREENS. RENA, IN AN OVERALL, IS WEIGHING OUT A WOMAN'S LAUNDRY IN A PLASTIC BAG.

RENA: (BRISK) Ten pounds exactly...dried for ironing. (WOMAN PAYS) Just right, Mrs. Harris. Ready by four o'clock.

RENA WALKS TOWARDS THE BACK OF THE LAUNDERETTE WHERE THERE IS A PLYWOOD SCREEN, BEHIND WHICH IS THE TILL, TELEPHONE AND A DESK. THERE ARE ALSO DRUMS OF COMMERCIAL WASHING POWDER, CLEANING FLUID, ETC. AND A SAFE IN A CORNER. BEHIND THE DESK SITS THE OWNER, STAN SHEPPICK WHO TALKS INTO THE PHONE. HE IS A TUBBY MAN IN HIS FORTIES, BALDING, JEWISH. HE CONTINUES WITH HIS PHONE CONVERSATION AS RENA PUTS THE MONEY IN THE TILL.

SHEPPICK: (INTO PHONE) Tomorrow, ten-thirty, yes? Very well, Mr. Millard, and thank you. Many thanks!

HE RINGS OFF AND POSITIVELY BEAMS AT RENA

Well, I've done it!

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RENA: The other shop?

SHEPPICK: A five year lease, with an option on another five - and hardly any plumbing or alterations required. All I need are the machines, and we're a chain of launderettes! Well, the start of a chain...

HE TALKS, HE PUTS ON HIS HAT AND COAT AND STUFFS PAPERS IN HIS BRIEFCASE WITH THE AIR OF A WHEELER-DEALER. SHE SMILES.

RENA: That's marvellous, Stan.

SHEPPICK: First thing, we'll have to get a trade name like the others. 'Prestowash', or something.

RENA: Fully automatic?

SHEPPICK Yes, but I'll still want someone on the spot. A mangeress. (HE GIVES HER A LOOK) I've been meaning to talk to you about it, Rena.

RENA: Me?

SHEPPICK: The job's yours. Part-time, just like you are now. But manageress. And I'd be buzzing between shops.

RENA HATES TO DISAPPOINT HIM, BUT SHE SHAKES HER HEAD.

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RENA: It's nice of you to ask, Stan. Real nice. But it's out of the question.

SHEPPICK: Why?

RENA: I'm sorry, but I'm leaving as soon as you can replace me.

SHEPPICK: (DISMAYED) ~~You are~~? But... I thought you liked the work. I thought we'd become more than just boss and employee. I mean friends.

RENA: It isn't that. It's ...Nobby.

SHEPPICK: (FROWN) You're going out to join your husband in Africa?

RENA: Nobby's home.

SHEPPICK: Oh, ~~You never told me.~~

HIS DISAPPOINTMENT IS OBVIOUS.

RENA: ~~It was a bit of a surprise for me.~~ But he's back for good.

SHEPPICK: Well naturally I'm pleased for you. But why stop working?

RENA: There's the kid for one thing, and I'd like to run the house. Nobby's been leading a different sort of life.

SHEPPICK: (SLOWLY) Things have been different for me, too, Rena..since you came to work here.

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RENA: Don't,Stan.

SHEPPICK: You know something? I'll tell you, and please don't hate me for saying this. I've beven found myself hoping you mightn't be married after all. That you might just have been keeping up appearance, you know?

RENA STARTS TO MOVE AWAY.

RENA: Stan...come and have a meal with us soon, will you? Come and meet Nobby.

SHEPPICK: All right, maybe I will.

AS SHE MOVES OUT OF SHOT CAMERA HOLDS ON SHEPPICK AS HE GAZES AFTER HER FOR A MOMENT. THEN HE TURNS TO OPEN THE TILL. BACK TO BUSINESS. HE STARTS TO TRANSFER MONEY FROM THE TILL TO THE SAFE.

CAMERA PICKS UP RENA USING A DEMIST AEROSOL ON THE FOGGED UP WINDOWS OF THE LAUDERETTE. CLOSE ON THE WINDOW AS SHE GIVES IT A BURST. AS IT CLEARS WE SEE CALLAN'S REFLECTION MATERIALISE. A LITTLE STARTLED, RENA TURNS TO FIND HE HAS BEEN LOOKING OVER HER SHOULDER.

RENA: Mr. C llan. You gave me a scare. I never expected to see you here.

CALLAN: I've got a passion for lauderettes. Spend whole evenings in them in winter. Magazines, coffee, taa. Other people's dirty washing for entertainment.

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RENA: Try working in one!

SHE GATHERS UP A BUNDLE OF LAUNDRY AND EMPTIES IT INTO A MACHINE. AT THAT MOMENT SHEPPICK PASSES THEM ON HIS WAY OUT.

SHEPPICK. Safe's locked, Rena, but there's plenty of change in the till.

RENA: Right, Stan.

SHEPPICK PAUSES, LOOK S AT CALLAN.

SHEPPICK: Is this...Nobby?

RENA: A friend of his. He was just passing.

SHEPPICK: Oh. Well, I'm off, then. Tell your relief I'll be back before she closes.

HE EXITS.SHE STARTS THE MACHINE AND PUTS IN THE FIRST SOAP POWDER.

RENA: Like a cup of tea?

CALLAN: Let me...

HE PUTS MONEY IN A VENDING MACHINE, GIVES HER A CUP, HAS ONE HIMSELF

RENA: Have you been seeing Nobby?

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CALLAN: (NODS) We had a drink together.. went over old times.

RENA: I'm glad you're around. He needs friends. Being away so long, he's a bit of a stranger.

CALLAN: He must seem slightly that way to you as well.

SHE LOOKS AWAY FROM HIM.

RENA: It'll be all right when he gets used to the change and has something to do.

CALLAN: Bound to get fixed up soon.

RENA: He's made a lot of phone calls.

CLOSE ON CALLAN'S EXPRESSION.

CALLAN: Has he?

RENA: I think he's got plans. Didn't he tell you?

CALLAN: No. What sort of plans?

RENA: I've no idea. He won't discuss things with me. Never talks about his life abroad, either come to that. You'd almost think he'd been in jail, or on some secret mission. (SHE PAUSES) Mr. Callan,will you do me a favour?

CALLAN: Depends on what it is.

RENA: If Nobby ever toys with the idea of going back to Africa, will you try to stop him?

PUSH IN VERY CLOSE ON CALLAN.

CUT TO:

11. INT. HUNTER'S OFFICE. NIGHT.

TIGHT ON HUNTER AND MERES. THE DESK IS ONLY DIMLY LIT.

MERES: Callan had a drink with Clarke. And a heart-to-heart with his wife.

HUNTER: Just as I'd hoped.

MERES: He may have decided to drop it.

HUNTER: In that case we shall simply have to harden his resolve.

MERES: How do you propose to do that?

HUNTER: By softening him up.

MERES: I thought you said one of Callan's deficiencies was that he'd grown too soft?

HUNTER: It's undoubtedly his chief drawback. And yet, in a curious way, it can be turned to advantage. You've got about as much feeling as the bumper on your car, Meres.

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MERES: That's unfair, sir.

HUNTER HAS MOVED ACROSS TO A FILE. HE BRINGS OUT SEVERAL PHOTO TRANSPARENCIES.

HUNTER: (HOLDING THEM UP) These arrived this morning, Watch.

HE PUTS ONE TRANSPARENCY INTO A DESK VISUALISER, FLIPS A SWITCH. THE PICTURE APPEARS ON THE VISUALISING SCREEN. IT SHOWS NOBBY CLARKE IN THE UNIFORM OF A MERCENARY MAJOR, HOLDING A REVOLVER. HE IS THE SOLE SUBJECT OF THE PICTURE.

HUNTER: 'Major' Clarke, in action.

MERES: Show that to Callan and he'll say you've no real evidence. Just a man with a gun.

HUNTER: That picture of Clarke is only a detail from a much bigger picture.

HE FITS ANOTHER TRANSPARENCY INTO THE MACHINE.

There. Sickening, isn't it?

MERES: He allowed that to happen?

HUNTER: Allowed it? The meat hooks were his idea. (THEN) I've ordered a nice, grainy print of this for friend Callan.

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CUT TO:

12. INT. CALLAN'S FLAT. NIGHT.

A SINGLE LAMP IS ON. IN THE SHADOWS SOMEONE IS SEARCHING THE FLAT. WE SEE HANDS OPENING DRAWERS, CHECKING A BOOK BESIDE THE PHONE, ETC. THE PHONE RINGS. IT GOES ON RINGING FOR A FEW MOMENTS. THEN A HAND LIFTS IT OFF THE HOOK.

CUT TO:

13. INT. LANDING.

CALLAN COMES DOWNSTAIRS. HE PAUSES.

CUT TO:

14. INT. CALLAN'S FLAT. NIGHT.

THE HAND REPLACES THE PHONE.

CUT TO:

15. INT. LANDING. NIGHT.

ON THE STAIRS AS CALLAN COMES DOWN. AS HE REACHES THE LANDING HE SUDDENLY STOPS, SEES A STRIP OF LIGHT FROM BENEATH HIS

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DOOR. HE COMES CLOSE TO THE D.[illegible],
DOOR, LISTENS FOR A MOMENT. THEN HIS GAZE TRAVELS UP TO AN ELECTRICITY JUNCTION BOX ABOVE HIS HEAD. HE REACHES UP, GRABS THE HANDLE ON THE SIDE OF THE BOX AND TURNS IT TO 'OFF'.

CUT TO:

16. INT. CALLAN'S FLAT. NIGHT.

AS THE LAMP GOES OFF. THE HANDS TRY THE SWITCH. BUT IT DOESN'T WORK. ANOTHER CLICK AS THE MAIN LIGHT-SWITCH IS TURNED ON TO NO EFFECT. SOUND OF KEY IN THE DOOR.

CUT TO:

17. INT. LANDING. NIGHT.

CALLAN WITHDRAWS THE KEY AND KICKS THE DOOR OPEN.
IT SWINGS WIDE. THERE IS NO SOUND FROM WITHIN.

CALLAN: I'll give you just five seconds to come out, otherwise I'm going to -

HE BREAKS OFF AS THERE IS THE SOUND OF A LAUGH FROM INSIDE THE FLAT. CALLAN FROWNS, HE KNOWS THAT LAUGH. SLOWLY HE REACHES UP AND TURNS ON THE ELECTRICITY AGAIN.

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CUT TO:

18. CALLAN'S FLAT. NIGHT.

THE LAMP - AND THE MAIN LIGHT - BOTH ON NOW. CALLAN COMES THROUGH THE DOOR, STOPS, CUT TO HIS P.O.V. TO SHOW CLARKE SITTING IN A CHAIR, RELAXED, CHUCKLING.

CALLAN: Nobby?

CLARKE: In the old days you'd have lobbed one in first.

CALLAN: Catch!

HE TOSSES HIS LIGHTER AT CLARKE, WHO CATCHES IT.

CLARKE: Woops!

CLARKE GRINS, LIFTS A CIGARETTE FROM A TABLE AND LIGHTS IT. CALLAN WALKS INTO THE ROOM FROWNING AT HIM, KICKING THE DOOR SHUT BEHIND HIM.

CALLAN: You're welcome to drop in any time. But this way is at your own risk.

CLARKE: I thought I'd surprise you. I'm good at locks.

CALLAN TAKES OFF HIS COAT, HIS EYES ROAMING THE ROOM FOR SIGNS OF A SEARCH.

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CLARKE: Right! Lesson number one: always secure your lines against infiltration. Ignore the rule, and you're dead.

CALLAN: I thought you'd forgotten all that?

CLARKE MOVES OVER TO CALLAN'S CURRENT WAR-GAME - TROOPS ON A PLASTER RELIEF MODEL OF HILLY COUNTRY.

CLARKE: I thought you had. And what do I find? You're keeping your hand in right up to the elbow! Tactical exercises in difficult terrain. Troops intelligently deployed.

CALLAN: Just a hobby, though it doesn't quite live up to your field experience. Still, ~~maybe we can have a game sometime?~~

CLARKE: ~~Nothing~~ I'd enjoy more. We might have plenty of chances soon.

CALLAN: I don't quite follow you.

CLARKE: ~~The reason~~ I'm here is to sound you out about a new job.

CALLAN: Sound me out?

CLARKE: That's right.

HE IS FIDDLING WITH THE TOY SOLDIERS AS HE TALKS. CALLAN IS WATCHING HIM CLOSELY.

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CALLAN: Aren't you supposed to be the one who's job-hunting?

CLARKE: Never mind that. I just want to know whether you'd be interested.

CALLAN: Possibly. What's being offered?

CLARKE: For themoment, let's just say it has something to do with my overseas connections. And it pays well. I'll be able to give you more info later. - Just wanted to confirm you were open to suggestions.

HE STARTS TO LEAVE. AT THE DOOR HE PAUSES.

While you were out, someone called Charlie phoned.

CALLAN: When will you be in touch?

CLARKE: Couple of weeks, or so. I have to do a spot of travelling first.

HOLD ON CALLAN'S EXPRESSION.

CUT TO:

19. INT. HUNTER'S OFFICE. DAY.

HUNTER IS SEATED AT HIS DESK, ARRANGING A SNACK LUNCH WHICH HE REMOVES FROM A SMART BLACK ATTACHE CASE.

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HUNTER: Where's he travelling to?

CALLAN: None of my business.

HUNTER: Isn't it?

CALLAN: (ANGRILY) Look, I told you what you could do with this job! I'm only here to get you off my back.

HUNTER CALMLY GOES ON PREPARING HIS SNACK. HE HAS REMOVED A PORRIDGY SUBSTANCE FROM A SMALL PLASTIC BOWL TO A PAPER PLATE. NOW HE PICKS UP A SPOON AND A SMALL BOTTLE OF OLIVE OIL.

HUNTER: At least he can't get out of the country without us knowing. (THEN) Ever tried humus? Greek dish..lentils, crushed garlic - add a touch of olive oil.

CALLAN: I might have known you'd be a cook. You're so bloody good at stirring things. What did your wife buy you for Christmas - a butcher's apron?

UNPERTURBED, HUNTER POURS HIMSELF A GLASS OF WINE.

HUNTER: I wish you'd get it over with, Callan. You still think Clarke's the whitest white man to leave Africa?

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CALLAN: I don't reckon his past, ~~that's all. Not as~~ a reason for making him a target now.

HUNTER: But if he went back to being a mercenary?

CALLAN: You know something, Hunter? If only to get away from your kind, I might even fancy a spell as a mercenary myself.

HUNTER: You don't have leadership qualities. That's why you never got beyond Corporal. Besides, you wouldn't enjoy it.

HE BRINGS OUT A LARGE ENVELOPE. GIVES IT TO CALLAN.

CALLAN: What's this?

HUNTER: Since you're so fond of Nobby, I thought you'd like a portrait of him for your mantleshelf...

AS CALLAN LOOKS AT THE PICTURE HUNTER EATS HEARTILY.

HUNTER: Enough to put one off one's lunch, isn't it?

CALLAN GIVES HIM A LOOK AND WALKS OUT -

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THROWING THE PICTURE ON THE DESK. HOLD ON HUNTER. A DOOR OPENS AND MERES COMES IN. HUNTER SAYS NOTHING. MERES PICKS UP THE PICTURE AND LOOKS AT IT. PUTS IT DOWN.

HUNTER: Ever tried humus, Meres?

MERES TRIES A MORSEL WITH HIS FINGER, GRIMACES.

HUNTER: I'd have thought you liked garlic..

DISSOLVE TO:

VTR 2. EXT. PUB GARDEN. NIGHT.

CALLAN AND LONELY AT A TABLE IN A CORNER OF THE GARDEN. LONELY HAS A BEER, CALLAN A SCOTCH.

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LONELY: It's a bit ~~chilly out here.~~

CALLAN: Sorry I couldn't buy you a scotch. It's this freeze.

LONELY: Couldn't we talk inside?

CALLAN: With you, Lonely, I prefer the fresh air. ~~My nostrils stand a chance.~~

LONELY: You always try to rile me that way, Mr. Callan.

CALLAN: Nonsense. I'm your best friend, I tell you.

LONELY TAKES ANOTHER DRINK, LEANS FORWARD.

LONELY: In all, he's made half a dozen journeys.

CALLAN: Have you found out where?

LONELY: (NODS) Some of the places... Swindown,.....Manchester,...Goven, near Glasgow...Cleethorpes, Lincolnshire.

CALLAN: Any idea what he was doing?

LONELY: He stayed at commercials mostly - one star- hotels - and usually had a visitor. Maybe he's setting up some kind of business?

CALLAN: (THOUGHTFULLY) Maybe.

LONELY: Twenty-five you said.

CALLAN BRINGS OUT HIS WALLET AND PAYS HIM THE MONEY.

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CALLAN: This time I'll have a large scotch. And a large ginger ale.

LONELY: (HOPEFULL EYES WALLET) There's something else, Mr. Callan.

CALLAN HESITATES, THEN DECIDES TO REPLACE HIS WALLET.

CALLAN: All right, Lonely. I'll buy you another beer.

LONELY HAS HOPED FOR GREATER REWARD, BUT HE DOESN'T PRESS IT, HE SHRUGS, PRODUCES A SLIP OF PAPER.

LONELY: In London, Clarke's spent a lot of time at this address (HANDS OVER ADDRESS) It's a warehouse behind King's Cross. The lease is held by a syndicate of African importers.

CLOSE SHOT OF CALLAN

CUT TO:

TELECINE 3. EXT. AFROCRAFT WAREHOUSE. NIGHT

CALLAN APPROACHING THE WAREHOUSE, A GLOOMY BRICK BUILDING WITH THE NAME 'AFROCRAFT' AT THE ENTRANCE, SOUND OVER OF TRAINS. HE STOPS TO LOOK AT THE SIGN, THEN SEES THAT THE DOOR IS PARTLY OPEN. WARILY HE STARTS TO GO IN.

CUT TO:

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20. INT. AFROCRAFT WAREHOUSE. NIGHT

ON THE DOOR AS CALLAN ENTERS, HE STOPS AND LOOKS AROUND, THE WORKSHOP IS CRAMMED WITH ROWS OF PIGEON-HOLES CONTAINING AFRICAN GIFTS. AT THE FAR END OF THE WORKSHOP IS A LIGHT, THE SOUND OF VOICE MURMURING. CALLAN STARTS TO MOVE FORWARD CAUTIOUSLY.
CAMERA PANS BACK TO SHOW THE LEGS OF A MAN QUIETLY FOLLOWING CALLAN, A HAND REACHES OUT TO ONE OF THE SHELVES AND PICKS UP A VICIOUS-LOOKING AFRICAN KERI-COSH.
AS HE HEARS A MOVEMENT BEHIND HIM, CALLAN TURNS HIS HEAD. CUT TO ANOTHER ANGLE TO SHOW KANARO, WITH THE KERI-COSH POISED ABOVE CALLAN'S HEAD.

CALLAN: Evening.

KANARO: Forgive me for brandishing this rather primitive keri, but I assure you it's very effective.

CALLAN: I'll take your word for it.

KANARO: Nowadays people hang them on their walls.

CALLAN: If you like that sort of thing.

KANARO: But there was a time when a ~~Bangwuti~~ tribesman could split a man's skull with one of these, as easily as topping an egg (PAUSE) Do you mind telling me what you're doing here?

CALLAN: Looking for ~~a friend of mine,~~ Nobby Clarke.

KANARO: Then go straight ahead. He's along there.

CALLAN HESITATES, THEN MOVES ON AND REACTS. A ROW OF SHRUNKEN HEADS SUSPENDED OVER A TANK. MEETS HIS GAZE. THEY ARE DRIPPING WITH SOME FLUID.

CALLAN: Friends of yours?

KANARO: It's quite extraordinary how many English people adore them. Personally I find them revolting.

AS CALLAN WALKS ON WE SEE MORE OF THE WORKSHOP. THERE ARE ALL KINDS OF AFRICAN 'GIFT' ITEMS - SPEARS, DRUMS, HEADDRESSES, AND LOTS OF 'PRIMITIVE SCULPTURE', MUCH OF IT IN ORDINARY WHITE WOOD, WAITING TO BE PAINTED.
ANOTHER ANGLE TO SHOW CLARKE AT A DESK AT AN OFFICE SECTION AT THE END OF THE WORKSHOP. HE IS TALKING WITH TWO MEN. ONE OF THEM BLAIR, IS A TALL, EX-OFFICER TYPE WITH FLOWING HANDLEBAR MOUSTACHE. THE OTHER, FENTON, IS A ROUGHER LOOKING CHARACTER WITH A CREW CUT AND A SCARRED FACE. CLARKE DOESN'T SEE THEM AT FIRST BECAUSE HE IS POINTING TO A MAP OF AFRICA BEHIND HIS CHAIR.
AS HE TURNS AND SEES CALLAN HE REACTS. HE GETS UP FROM THE DESK AND COMES OVER.

CLARKE: Dave! How the hell did you get here?

CALLAN: I walked in through the door.

KANARO: Surreptitiously.

CALLAN: (SARDONIC) Tell me... Oxford or Cambridge?

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KANARO: Sandhurst, actually.

CLARKE GIVES A CHUCKLE, HE MOTIONS TO KANARO TO LAY DOWN THE KERI, CLAPS CALLAN ON THE BACK.

CLARKE: Kanaro ~~used to be a soldier, like me. Now we're~~ and I are partners, ~~in another line of business.~~

CALLAN: In Afrocraft?

HE TURNS, WALKS ROUND THE BENCHES.

CLARKE: Busy line. We're away to the races. It's all the fashion.

CALLAN: Quite a set-up, Nobby.

KANARO: A vibrant new culture.

CALLAN LIFTS A STATUESQUE CARVING OF A NUDE AFRICAN WOMAN IN ORDINARY LIGHT WOOD.

CALLAN: And the more primitive the better? How do you solve the colour problem?

KANARO LIFTS A PAINT-SPRAY, TAKES THE CARVING FROM CALLAN.

CLARKE: He isn't sensitive.

KANARO: It's quite simple (HE SPRAYS CARVING BLACK) Now it's solid black ebony.

CLARKE: We're in the process of organising sales staff right across Britain.

CALLAN LOOKS AT THE TWO MEN, WHO ARE STARING WARILY BACK AT CALLAN.

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CALLAN: Are those two of the salesmen?

CLARKE: Possibles. Could do very well. I was just interviewing them.

CALLAN: Sorry I butted in.

CLARKE: Don't be daft. Always glad to see you. And I'm not forgetting my promise.

CLOSE ON CALLAN AS HE PRETENDS TO LOOK GRATEFUL.

CALLAN: That's why I called in, Nobby. I thought it might have slipped your mind.

CLARKE: Would I let it do that, old son?

CALLAN: I'm still interested. (LOOKS AROUND) Even more so.

CLARKE: Great.

HE STARTS TO LEAD CALLAN TOWARDS THE EXIT

CALLAN: How's Rena?

CLARKE: She's fine. Tell you what. I've got more interviews right now. But I'll contact you tomorrow, okay?

CALLAN NODS AND LEAVES. HOLD ON CLARKE AS KANARO JOINS HIM.

KANARO: How did he know where to find you?

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CLARKE: Callan's the type to find anyone if he wants to. ~~In the jungle he was better than~~ any guide.

KANARO: Are you sure he's trustworthy?

CLARKE: Only one way to find out. Employ him.

CUT TO:

TELECINE 4. EXT. AFROCRAFT WAREHOUSE. NIGHT.

CALLAN LEAVING THE WAREHOUSE. SOUND OF TRAINS AGAIN. HE GLANCES AT THE DISMAL SURROUNDINGS.

CALLAN: (V.O) Salesman, that lot'd frighten people off their door steps. I think you've been out in the sun too long, Nobby....

AS HE WALKS AWAY THE CAMERA PANS OVER TO A CAR. A MAN STEPS OUT. ZOOM INTO SHOW MERES.

CUT TO:

21. INT. CALLAN'S FLAT. NIGHT

LONELY IS PLAYING WITH CALLAN'S TOY SOLDIERS. CALLAN STARES AT HIM OVER THE TABLE.

CALLAN: Passports?

LONELY: That's right, Mr. Callan.

CALLAN: How many?

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LONELY: About a dozen so far - at top prices. Go-between's an old prison pal of mine. Nice racket. He's an undertaker. Gets them from the relatives of -

CALLAN: (OVER) Sold to Nobby Clarke, you're sure?

LONELY: (NODS) Positive. He must be going to ship a rough old mob o'blokes out of the country.

CALLAN HAS GATHERED A GROUP OF TOY SOLDIERS TOGETHER THOUGHTFULLY.

CALLAN: They're called mercenaries, Lonely.

CUT TO:

22. INT. AFROCRAFT WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

THE OFFICE END CLOSE ON CLARKE AND KANARO INTERVIEWING SOMEONE SEATED ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE DESK, WHOM WE DON'T YET IDENTIFY.

CLARKE: With your service record, I'd say you'll enjoy every minute of it. (HE GRINS) We've got two interrogation camps.

KANARO: Both badly staffed.

CLARKE: Can you leave by about the eighteenth

PULL BACK TO SHOW THAT THE VISITOR IS MERES. HE SMILES.

MERES: Tomorrow, if you like.

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KANARO GETS UP AND SHAKES HANDS

KANARO: That's the sort of spirit we appreciate.

HE EXITS. MERES TURNS TO CLARKE.

MERES: How many others are going, Major?

CLARKE: ~~We're still recruiting. But~~ you'll be in good company.

MERES: Anyone I might know?

CLARKE: Assorted bunch, as you can imagine. All ranks.

MERES: Of course.

CLARKE: Wide range of skills... Mathieson, former Engineer's explosives man.....paratroop sergeant, Witcher... very likely an old ~~jungle-warfare~~ colleague of mine, Callan....

SHOW MERES DELIBERATELY REACTING

MERES: What name did you say?

CLARKE: Callan. Dave Callan.

MERES: I know that name. A few years ago in Cyprus I was involved in a security case - when I was still ~~an~~ a ~~active~~ detention camp officer. There was a Callan mixed up with ~~it~~ the case, working for ~~some~~ a section of British Intelligence.

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CLARKE: Wouldn't be the Callan I know. He left the Army long before Cyprus. And as for working ~~in~~ with Intelligence -

MERES: (OVER) Five-ten, roundish face, speaks with a slight Cockney accent... (CAMERA GOES IN CLOSE ON CLARKE AS MERES CONTINUES....) Believe he used to be a Corporal, In Malaya, or somewhere. Before they quietly transferred him for special duties....

ON CLARKE'S EXPRESSION.....

FADE OUT

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FADE IN:

PART THREE

23. INT. LAUNDERETTE. NIGHT.

LONELY IS AMONG THE CUSTOMERS.
HE SITS IN A CHAIR WATCHING HIS WASHING
SWIRL IN A MACHINE. PAN TO SHOW RENA
TALKING WITH HER RELIEF ATTENDANT,
A MIDDLE-AGED WOMAN. AS THE WOMAN
PUTS ON HER OVERALL TO START WORK,
RENA TAKES HERS OFF AND SUBSTITUTES
HER PVC MAC.

WOMAN: (INDICATES PACKAGE) Got you
two lovely steaks - rump - like you asked.

RENA: Thanks, May.

WOMAN: Nice sexy supper with the old man?

RENA GRABS A PLASTIC HOLDALL OF HER OWN
LAUNDRY. SHE CLEARLY DOESN'T WISH TO
DISCUSS NOBBY.

RENA: That's right.

WOMAN: Settling down, is he?

RENA: Gradually (SHE EXITS) See you, May.
Don't forget to tell Stan about that coat.

WOMAN: Right.

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ANOTHER ANGLE.
THE WOMAN ATTENDANT PASSES LONELY ON HER WAY TO PUT SOME WASHING IN A MACHINE. SHE OBVIOUSLY CATCHES A WHIFF, WRINKLES HER NOSE. THEN MOVES ON TO DO THE JOB. AFTER A FEW MOMENTS CALLAN COMES IN AND SITS DOWN BESIDE LONELY.

CALLAN: You in a launderette, Lonely - it's like Toulouse Lautrec playing football.

LONELY: (NOT GETTING THE POINT) Yes, Mr. Callan?

CALLAN: What do you think?

LONELY: Straightforward job. Apart from giving him one. Do you have to?

CALLAN: Robbery with violence will send Wobby down longer.

LONELY GLANCES AROUND NERVOUSLY.

LONELY: The safe's in there.

CALLAN: And Sheppick only banks his money once a week?

LONELY: (NODS) He's due to take ~~it~~ round tomorrow morning. About two hundred, I'd say.

CALLAN: What time will he be back tonight?

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LONELY: Just before they close - eleven-thirty. (THEY PAUSE AS THE WOMAN ATTENDANT PASSES, CALLAN READS A MAGAZINE) Best place is over there. Behind the clothes rail. (CUT TO THEIR POV OF RACKS OF DRY CLEANING. SHOW A TOILET DOOR) Nip out the back entrance, it's easy.

CALLAN: Did you get the stick?

LONELY NODS. LOOKS AROUND TO SEE THAT THE COAST IS CLEAR. FROM AN INSIDE COAT POCKET HE BRINGS OUT A 'KERI' LIKE THOSE THAT WE HAVE SEEN AT AFROCRAFT. HE HAS A HANKERCHIEF WRAPPED AROUND THE HANDLE.

LONELY: Nice set of your friend Wobby's prints.

CALLAN TAKES IT FROM LONELY AND SLIPS IT INTO HIS OWN COAT POCKET.

CUT TO:

24. INT. HUNTER'S OFFICE. NIGHT

MERES IS TALKING WITH HUNTER

HUNTER: I imagine your 'revelation' must have come as quite a surprise to Clarke.

MERES: It shook him rigid, sir.

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HUNTER: He won't be quite so confident now. And his rebel sponsor's faith in him will have slipped a little.

MERES: ~~You mean what~~ Kanaro ~~will report?~~

HUNTER: ~~He~~flew back to Africa tonight didn't he? You see, Meres, already we're cutting Major Clarke down to size. We'll have him back to Sergeant yet.

MERES: I must confess I rather enjoyed shopping/Callan, sir.

HUNTER: You would. (THEN) But we had to create a situation that would get Callan going.

MERES: Now Bobby's out to get him.

~~ADMIRAL~~: Just what we want. I suppose you're in on it?

MERES: Yes, sir.

HUNTER: You're too eager, Meres. ~~Go through the motions, but~~ see that Callan isn't too badly handled, won't you? ~~He's no use to us crippled. He's got to be in shape to take his revenge.~~

CUT TO:

25. INT. LAUNDERETTE. NIGHT.

OPEN ON A CLOCK WHICH REGISTERS THE TIME AS ELEVEN-THIRTY. PAN DOWN TO SHOW THE WOMAN ATTENDANT SEEING THE LAST CUSTOMER, A GIRL IN A MINI SKIRT, OFF THE PREMISES. PAN BACK TO THE DRY-CLEANING RACK.

THE DOOR OF THE TOILET OPENS AND CALLAN SLIPS OUT. CUT TO HIS POV OF THE WOMAN AT THE DOOR OF THE LAUNDERETTE, SAYING GOODNIGHT TO THE GIRL.

CALLAN STEPS BEHIND ONE OF THE DRY CLEANING RACKS, STOOPING A LITTLE. SO AS TO BE HIDDEN FROM VIEW.

AS THE WOMAN IS ABOUT TO LOCK THE DOOR STAN SHEPPICK APPEARS FROM THE STREET.

SHEPPICK: All clear, May?

WOMAN: That was the last one, Mr.Sheppick.

SHEPPICK: Better hurry and get your bus, then. I'll look after everything.

THEY WALK BACK ACROSS THE SHOP TOGETHER.

WOMAN: Machines are all switched off. Till's made up for the morning.

SHEPPICK: Good. Goodnight.

SHEPPICK MOVES BACK TO THE OFFICE AREA AS THE WOMAN TAKES HERCOAT OFF A PEG. VERY [illegible]R CALLAN. CLOSE SHOT TO CALLAN BEHIND RACK.

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WOMAN: Oh, Mr.Sheppick, I forgot.

SHEPPICK: Yes?

HE LEAVES HIS DESK.

WOMAN: Mrs.Clarke asked me to show you a customer's goat that got torn in the dry-clean.

THE WOMAN REACHES OUT TO REMOVE A COAT FROM THE RACK BEHIND WHICH CALLAN IS HIDDEN. CLOSE ON CALLAN AS HE CROUCHES BACK, JUST AVERTS BEING SEEN. AN UNCOMFORTABLE GAP REMAINS. SHEPPICK LOOKS AT THE COAT, CHECKS TEAR IN POCKET.

SHEPPICK: Pocket could have been torn before it went in. All right, May, I'll deal with it tomorrow.

THE WOMAN PUTS THE COAT BACK ON THE RACK, EXCHANGES A GOODNIGHT WITH SHEPPICK AND LEAVES THE LAUNDERETTE. SHEPPICK LOCKS THE DOOR BEHIND HER AND COMES BACK TO THE OFFICE AREA SWITCHING OFF LIGHTS. AGAIN CUT TO CLOSE ON CALLAN. HE WAITS.

SHEPPICK REMOVES MONEY FROM THE TILL, HE OPENS THE SAFE AND STARTS TO PUT THE MONEY IN A BOX WITH THE REST OF THE WEEKS' TAKINGS. CALLAN MOVES OUT FROM THE DRY-CLEANING RACK, UNSEEN AS SHEPPICK BENDS AT THE SAFE. ALMOST APOLOGETICALLY, CALLAN COSHES HIM WITH THE KERI-COSH.

CALLAN'S VOICE: Sorry, Stan....

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HE REACHES OVER SHEPPICK FOR THE MONEY.

CUT TO:

26. INT. CALLAN'S FLAT. NIGHT.

VERY CLOSE ON LONELY. AN OUTSTRETCHED HAND IS PINNING HIM AGAINST THE WALL NEAR THE DOOR. HE LOOKS BADLY SCARED.

BLAIR: Where is he?

LONELY: I don't know.

THE HAND SUDDENLY SLAPS LONELY HARD ACROSS THE FACE IN BOTH DIRECTTONS. PULL BACK TO SHOW BLAIR, FENTON, THE TWO 'SALESMEN' WE HAVE SEEN WITH CLARKE AT AFROCRAFT.
ALSO PRESENT IS MERES. HE COMES FORWARD.

MERES: You're a nasty, smelly little man. Callan's ferret.

FENTON: Expecting him back, aren't you?

LONELY: I don't know. Sometimes he comes back, sometimes he doesn't.

BLAIR: You're waiting for him. He doesn't have a room-mate.

MERES: People like you never share bed-sits.

BLAIR: Perhaps you just pop in to play with his toys?

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WITH A VICIOUS GESTURE HE SWEEPS THE WAR GAME RIGHT OFF THE BOARD. FENTON HAS GONE OVER TO THE WINDOW TO LOOK OUT.

FENTON: Someone justgot out of a car downstairs. A mini.

BLAIR: (TO LONELY) Callan drive a mini?

LONELY DOESN'T ANSWER. BLAIR HITS HIM, SENDING HIM BACK AGAINST THE WALL NEAR THE DOOR.

BLAIR: Stay there, and keep your mouth shut.

CLOSE ON LONELY. HE IS DESPERATELY TRYING TO THINK OF A WAY OF WARNING CALLAN. OUT OF THE CORNER OF HIS EYE HE SEES A BILL THAT HAS BEEN PUSHED THROUGH CALLAN'S LETTER-BOX. IT LIES ON THE FLOOR NEAR LONELY'S FOOT. WE SEE THE HEEL OF HIS SHOE WIGGLING CLOSE TO THE ENVELOPE.

CUT TO:

27. INT. LANDING. NIGHT.

CALLAN, CARRYING A BRIEFCASE, IS COMING UP THE STAIRS.

CUT TO:

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28. INT. CALLAN'S FLAT. NIGHT.

GENERAL SHOT OF THE ROOM. AFTER A MOMENT THERE IS THE SOUND OF A CREAK FROM THE STAIRS. THEY ALL TENSE. CAMERA GOES CLOSE ON MERES. HE STANDS BACK FROM THE OTHERS, AND WE SEE HIS HAND ROUND THE BUTT OF A GUN JUST VISIBLE IN HIS POCKET. CUT TO LONELY'S FOOT, TO SHOW THE ENVELOPE JUST BEGINNING TO SLIDE UNDER THE DOOR ONTO THE LANDING.

CUT TO:

29. INT. LANDING. NIGHT.

ON CALLAN AS HE REACHES THE LANDING. HE SUDDENLY STOPS, LOOKS TOWARDS HIS DOOR. CUT TO HIS P.O.V., TO SHOW THE ENVELOPE SLIDING OUT. CALLAN WALKS SOFTLY ACROSS THE LANDING TO THE DOOR, PICKS IT UP. THEN HE MOVES ON - TO MISS BREWES'S DOOR, TAPS ON IT.

CUT TO:

30. INT. CALLAN'S FLAT. NIGHT.

CLOSE ON LONELY. HE LOOKS RELIEVED. THE OTHERS ARE STILL FROZEN, WAITING.

CUT TO:

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31. INT. LANDING. NIGHT.

MISS BREWIS, IN A DRESSING GOWN, OPENS THE DOOR. SEES CALLAN. HE INVITES HIMSELF IN.

CUT TO:

32. INT. CALLAN'S FLAT. NIGHT.

AS THE SOUND OF MISS BREWIS'S DOOR CLOSING IS HEARD, THEY ALL RELAX.

CUT TO:

33. INT. HALLWAY OF MISS BREWIS'S FLAT. NIGHT.

MISS BREWIS STARES AT CALLAN.

MISS BREWIS: What do you want?

CALLAN: It's all right, I haven't been drinking. I've justforgotten my key.

MISS BREWIS: Well, you can't stay here...

CALLAN: I only wantto step over from your windowledge to my bathroom...

CUT TO:

34. INT. CALLAN'S FLAT. NIGHT.

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CLOSE ON LONELY.

LONELY: Can I go now?

MERES: Shut up and stay where you are.

LONELY: Maybe Mr.Callan isn't coming in..? back tonight?.

BLAIR GRABS LONELY.

BLAIR: You heard him. Belt up, or I'll belt you so you stay quiet!

CUT TO:

35. INT. CALLAN'S BATHROOM. NIGHT.

THE DOOR OPENS AND FENTON ENTERS THE BATHROOM. AS HE SEES THEOPEN WINDOW AND MOVES TOWARDS IT CALLAN CHOPS HIM FROM BEHIND WITH A JUDO BLOW, CATCHING HIM AS HE FALLS. HE DRAGS HIM TO THE SHOWER, PUTS HIM IN, AND PULLS THE CURTAIN, STEPPING IN HIMSELF.

36. INT. CALLAN'S FLAT. NIGHT.

THE OTHERS WAIT FOR FENTON TO CALL OUT. NO SOUND. BLAIR AND MERES EXHHANGE A LOOK, AND MERES NODS FOR THE FORMER TO FIND OUT WHAT'S HAPPENED.

CUT TO:

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37. INT. CALLAN'S BATHROOM, NIGHT.

BLAIR EDGES INTO THE BATHROOM. HE ALSO SEES THE OPEN WINDOW AND STEPS TOWARDS IT. CALLAN STEPS OUT FROM BEHIND THE SHOWER CURTAIN, AND FELLS HIM IN THE SAME WAY.

CUT TO:

38. INT. CALLAN'S FLAT, NIGHT.

MERES LOOKS WORRIED. HE TAKES A PACE TOWARDS THE BATHROOM, THEN HALTS IN HIS TRACKS AS CALLAN APPEARS.

CALLAN: You might have got here quicker.

LONELY: (REACTS) But he's been here all the time, Mr.Callan! He was one of them.

CALLAN LOOKS HARD A MERES, WHO IS IN A SPOT.

CALLAN: You were going to enjoy yourself, I'll bet.

MERES: Not at all. I ~~enlisted~~ joined up to find out what ~~about~~ Clarke's ~~activities.~~ was doing.

CALLAN: And shopped me?

MERES: Hunter's idea. To make you get after Clarke good and proper.

CALLAN: With my head bashed in?

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MERES BRINGS OUT THE GUN HE'S BEEN CARRYING IN HIS POCKET.

MERES: Don't worry. (INDICATES BATHROOM) They weren't armed. I was. Once you saw what your friend Clarke was capable of having done to you, I'd have stepped in.

CALLAN MOVES OVER TO MERES. HE LIFTS THE GUN FROM MERE'S HAND.

CALLAN: Thanks.

AND PROMPTLY KNOCKS MERES OUT WITH A BLOW FROM THE BUTT.

LONELY: Was he speaking the truth, Mr.Callan?

CALLAN: Probably. But I just couldn't resist it. Some day the bastards will really shop me.

LONELY: Which bastards would they be, Mr.Callan?

CALLAN: Never you mind. What you don't know dan't hurt you.

LONELY FEELS HIS BRUISED FACE IN AN EXPRESSIVE GESTURE.

THERE IS A KNOCK AT THE DOOR. LONELY AND CALLAN EXCHANGE A LOOK. CALLAN GOES TO THE DOOR, GUN STILL IN HAND. HE OPENS IT. HUNTER STEPS IN, SEES MERES SPRAWLED ON THE FLOOR.

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CALLAN: (HOLDS OUT GUN) You'd better give this back to him.

HUNTER: Not too hard, I hope?

CALLAN: (MOCK REGRET) How was I to know who he was?

CALLAN STARTS TO GO OUT.

MISS BREWIS APPEARS ON THE LANDING WITH CALLAN'S BRIEFCASE. CALLAN TAKES IT FROM HER. HE GLANCES BACK AT HUNTER.

CALLAN: Tidy up thebathroom , will you?

HOLD ON HUNTER AS CALLAN GOES.

MIX TO:

VTR 3. INT. CLARKE'S SITTING ROOM. NIGHT.

RENA ON THE PHONE. SHE IS PULLING ON HER COAT, AS SHE TALKS.

RENA: (INTO PHONE) I don't know where Nobby is, ~~Mr.Callan.~~ He just said he'd be working late. ~~Well, If~~ you do find him, tell him I may be out till all hours. The police phoned. There's been a robbery at the launderette.

MIX TO:

39. INT. AFROCRAFT. WAREHOUSE. NIGHT.

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ON CALLAN AS HE ENTERS. A LIGHT SHOWS FROM THE END OF THE WORKSHOP. CALLAN OPENS THE BRIEFCASE HE CARRIES, LOOKS AT THE MONEY. THEN HE STUFFS IT INTO ONE OF THE PIGEON-HOLES AMONG THE STOCK OF GIFTS. ANOTHER ANGLE OF CLARKE AT THE DESK FURTHER ALONG THE WORKSHOP. HE HEARS A FAINT NOISE, REACTS, TURNS HIS HEAD TOWARDS THE REST OF THE DARKENED WORKSHOP.

CALLAN: Your recruits failed their first test, Nobby.

CLARKE CAN'T SEE CALLAN, WHO KEEPS DODGING BEHIND SHELVES OF WEIRD AFRICANA.

CLARKE: Dave?

CALLAN: Over here, Major.

CLARKE HAS GRABBED A SPEAR. HE HURLS IT IN THE DIRECTION OF THE VOICE. IT SHATTERS POTS, SENDS OTHER OBJECTS CRASHING TO THE FLOOR.

CALLAN: (CONTD) Jungle used to play the same trick, remember? Voices everywhere...

CLOSE ON CALLAN IN A DIFFERENT SPOT. HE SEES TWO TRIBAL DRUMS, BEATS TAUNTINGLY ON THEM, SWIFTLY MOVES AWAY FROM THE SPOT. CLARKE BARGES THROUGH A RACK OF HEADDRESSES. HE CARRIES ANOTHER WEAPON THIS TIME - A PANGA.

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CLARKE: I thought we were pals, Dave?

CALLAN: So ~~you decided~~ I was for the chop.

CLARKE WHIRLS ABOUT FACE, SLASHING THE PANGA THROUGH A LINE OF SHRUNKEN HEADS.

CLARKE: Only when I found out who you were working for.

CALLAN: I'd have laid off...if you'd really come home for good.

SUDDENLY A LONG BAMBOO POLE WHIPS DOWN OUT OF THE DARKNESS ACROSS CLARKE'S WRIST. THE PANGA CLATTERS AWAY.
AS CLARKE GRABS HIS NUMBED WRIST, CALLAN APPEARS FACING HIM.

CALLAN: (CONTD) But you conned your wife. She needs you. She trusted you. And you thought you were conning me.

CLARKE: Making sureof you. That's different. I'd have given you a job. Money. You'd have been a Captain over-night.

CALLAN: Burning villages, with people still in the huts, isn't quite my style, Nobby. I'm a beans-on-toast Corporal. Never even reached the Sergeant's Mess.

NOW CLARKE SQUARES UP TO CALLAN. HE CROUCHES PROFESSIONALLY, LOOKS DANGEROUS.

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CLARKE: Your style, your stance, is wrong as usual, Callan! You shouldn't have come here. You always came off second best with me. I taught you unarmed combat. You were my pupil.

CALLAN: True. I used to bloody well hate your guts sometimes.

CLARKE: I was too tough for you.

THEY CIRCLE EACH OTHER.

CALLAN: Too vicious, even with your mates. Nasty streak. And then one night you hauled me out of that ditch at Panang, with those flares lighting us up, and I changed my mind about you.

CLARKE: It was the least I could do. Besides, you might have stopped one meant for me.

CLOSE ON CALLAN AS HE SAYS THIS. HE REMEMBERS HUNTER'S WORDS.

CALLAN: I was the shield, and you were the medal!

CLARKE: You might as well know it. We'll make this a straight fight. You won't feel you owe me anything. Roger?

CALLAN: Ronnie....

CLARKE: Nobby. Anything you like!

HELUNGES AT CALLAN, BUT THE LATTER

NEATLY SIDESTEPS HIM AND BRINGS FROM BEHIND HIS BACK A PAINT-SPRAY - THE ONE WE HAVE SEEN EARLIER. HE ACTIVATES THE SPRAY AND BLINDS CLARKE. JUST FOR A MOMENT THE BLACK PAINT DRIPS DOWN CLARKE'S FACE, MAKING HIM NEGROID. THEN CALLAN KNOCKS HIM OUT WITH A VICIOUS BLOW. CALLAN THROWS DOWN THE PAINT-SPRAY AND WALKSTO THE PHONE AT THE DESK. HE CHECKS A NUMBER IN A PHONE DIRECTORY, DIALS.

CUT TO:

40. INT. LAUNDERETTE. NIGHT.

A POLICE INSPECTOR LIFTS THE PHONE. IN THE BACKGROUND WE SEE RENA TALKING WITH A PLAIN CLOTHES DETECTIVE, WHO HOLDS THE KERI-COSH. THE INSPECTOR LISTENS, FROWNS.

INSPECTOR: Her husband?

CUT TO:

41. INT. AFROCRAFT WARHOUSE. NIGHT.

CLOSE ON CLARKE AS WE HEAR CALLAN'S VOICE IN BG.

CALLAN'S VOICE: Ronald Clarke, with an 'e'. Never mind who's speaking. The money, the cosh, and the man you want, are at this address.

DISSOLVE TO:

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42. INT HOSPITAL. ROOM. DAY.

SHEPPICK IN BED, RENA SEATED BESIDE HIM.

RENA: You do believe I had nothing to do with it, Stan?

SHEPPICK: I know you didn't, Rena.

PULL BACK TO SHOW CALLAN.

RENA: It was nice of you to come and see me, Mr.Callan - and Stan.

CALLAN: Well....I feel a bit responsible... in a way.
BEAT
After all, Nobby was a mate of mine.

SUPERIMPOSE END CREDITS.

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